

## sugar sugar by deathvalleyusa

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**Summary:**

Chrissy tries not to expect anything on Valentine's day. Billy manages to surprise her.

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She felt like a complete idiot.

In the day after being grounded, Chrissy knew she wouldn't trade her freedom for the night with Billy. Finally knowing him so intimately, getting what she had put off for weeks, felt like a rebirth. She was addicted to his hands on her now, and getting her next fix was the only thing on her mind.

But now, realizing that Valentine's Day was soon approaching and she was imprisoned in the lovely craftsman on Elm Street, she was regretting everything said to her parents. Her defiance in the face of new rules felt warranted at the time. Now, it felt like she had signed her death warrant.

Chrissy had never gone a Valentine's Day without a boy on her arm, a bundle of cheap flowers, or a date. Apparently, 1985 was her year to break that streak. No plans, no flowers, and the boy she had attached herself to couldn't seem to care less about a pithy holiday like this.

Perhaps it was for the best, she thought. It was an excuse for both of them. For Chrissy not to get excited and later disappointed, and for Billy to not have to cater to her whims when they weren't even going steady.

Valentine's Day landed on a Thursday that year. Hawkins High was fully decked out in pink and red, paper hearts and crepe streamers plastered on walls and door frames. The annual candy-gram was going on. Little bags of candy hearts and chocolates painstakingly made by the student council could be purchased that week to raise money for upcoming dances. Chrissy knew the drill: students would flock to the table to buy a bag for another student, choosing to address it from themselves or a secret admirer. She'd gotten her fair share from both, but this year she wondered if she'd get any from a certain blonde.

*Nah*, she thought, scrunching her nose as she tapped a pencil on her notebook. *He's too macho for that kind of thing.*

This year was no different than the others in that respect. Second period she had gotten her first bag. Quickly, she checked the tag.

*From: Dan W.*

Chrissy screwed up her face in disgust. He seriously still had a torch lit for her after all the shit she had said about him? That baggie had gone straight in the garbage, Chrissy knowing full well he sat on the opposite side of the classroom to see it. *Get a fucking grip, Dan.*

The second and third bags came during Spanish. A secret admirer and some boy she could barely place from last semester. Her frustration was beginning to grow.

It was hard to not be cold towards Billy when lunch rolled around. He was all hands, now the norm after she'd given him access to what he had been waiting for. She was passive, allowing but not returning the affection. After a bit, he seemed to give up in frustration, instead focusing on his food and the banal conversation from Tommy and Carol. Chrissy secretly wished Annette was at school; she had come down with the flu and missed the last couple days.

"So, I got three candy-grams so far," Chrissy said, casual as she picked at her food.

Billy made a noise to acknowledge her, busy with the taco bowl in front of him. Tommy tried to swipe the holiday-themed cupcake from his tray, only to get a smack on the arm.

"Hey, fuck off," he scolded. "Eat your own food, you spaz."

"Three already?" Carol asked, obviously interested in Billy's lack of concern and Chrissy's now dour face. "Wow, aren't you Miss Popular? They all secret admirers or did some of them have the balls to say who they were?"

"Oh, they're getting bold this year," she said, snickering. "Only one secret admirer. One was this guy named Taylor and the other was Dan."

"No." Carol's voice was hushed. "Dan? Like Dan Weiss?"

“The one and only,” Chrissy replied, sitting back in the plastic chair.

Tommy started to cackle. “He really thinks those chalky candy hearts are gonna make up for his ‘premature’ problem?”

She snuck a furtive glance at Billy. He was still eating, taking in the conversation with calm eyes. The lack of emotion on his face only served to frustrate her more.

“Looks like you have competition, Hargrove,” Tommy continued, a smarmy grin on his freckled face. “You get her a candy-gram? ‘Cause Chris here’s very fickle. Easily swayed by presents.”

“Shut up, Tommy,” Chrissy and Billy said in unison.

“Did you get *me* a candy-gram?” Carol piped up, nudging at Tommy expectantly. “You should worry about yourself because I’m still empty-handed.”

“Day’s not over, toots,” Tommy replied, peeling the wrapper off his own cupcake. “Little patience would do you some good.”

All the while, Chrissy noticed Billy’s lack of reply to Tommy’s question. Perhaps he hadn’t bought one for her. The week and a half after their date had yielded some surprisingly sweet gestures, and part of her had hoped this would be another one for the books.

Billy let out a sigh through his nose, gathering his tray up. He gave Chrissy a nudge.

“You wanna have a smoke before lunch is over?” he asked, expression bored.

“Sure.” She stood to join him, giving Carol a tiny wave. “See you guys.”

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“So,” Billy said slowly, “you gonna tell me why you’ve been acting

like an ice queen all lunch?”

“Give you three guesses.” She watched as he took a deep drag, looking down at his feet before those baby blues tried to read her face.

“Jesus,” he sighed, rubbing at his nose. It had gone rosy in the cold, as had his cheeks. He had finally learned to layer up since the snow had picked up, but it wasn’t enough to stop the cold from making him look like a little doll.

“What?” Chrissy asked, irritated by the lack of follow up. She watched as the ash on the end of his cigarette grew, blowing away with a small gust of wind.

“You’re really that fixated on that stupid candy shit?” he huffed. “Why do you care?”

“I just want to know you care!” she shot back, annoyed. “God, boys are so *stupid*. It’s not that hard to buy a dollar bag of candy to make someone happy.”

“You got three today. How do you know the secret admirer one wasn’t from me?”

“Was it?” Chrissy’s eyebrow quirked up.

“No,” he said, a smirk starting to form on his face. “I think that’d be worse than not getting you one.”

“So you *did* get me one?”

“No.”

And even though she had told herself a thousand times today to not be disappointed, something in Chrissy sank. Billy must have noticed the change in her demeanor; his arm draped around her shoulder, chin resting on the top of her head. He muttered something too quiet for her to hear.

“What?” she asked, flicking the ash off her cigarette.

“Got something better,” he said, a little louder. Almost embarrassed. “I was gonna give it to you when I drove you home, but since you’re being a crybaby about it, I can give it to you now.”

Chrissy bounced a bit on her toes, trying to bring warmth back into her body. Lunch was almost over, and she had skipped 5th period too many times the past week. If Wes heard, that could be another week on her sentence. She let out a distressed noise, staring up at the nearly whited out sky.

“I can wait,” she finally said, sliding her hand up her shoulder into his. “Promise.”

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The rest of the day was pure torture. Billy had gone out of his way to steal a couple of steamy kisses before their last classes, prompting her to wonder what the gift could be. The more Chrissy thought about it, the more she realized it could just be a sexual favor. God, she hoped it wasn’t. There was nothing remotely romantic or sentimental about getting fingered in the back of his Camaro with stolen time after school.

When the last bell rang, she shot out of her desk, nearly slamming into another student as she made her way out of the classroom. Chestnut hair bounced against her back as her gait quickened, locker in sight. The locker combination she knew by heart was somehow harder than it had been in days past; she tried twice before getting it open.

“Hey,” came a gruff voice to her side. “You ready to bounce?”

There stood Billy, beautiful and slightly amused by the hurried pace Chrissy had set for herself. Lidded eyes watched as she grabbed the last of her things.

“Yeah,” she breathed, “I’m all set.”

There was no wait outside the car today, cigarette smoke billowing in

the wind as they watched for ginger hair amid the sea of middle schoolers. No, today Chrissy had plopped herself down in the passenger seat, brimming with excitement as Billy took his damn time getting in the car. Impatience started to bubble up in her.

“So?” Chrissy asked, leaning towards him expectantly. “Do I have to close my eyes? Are you gonna take me somewhere?”

“Jesus, calm the hell down,” he laughed. “And no. it’s in the glove compartment. You got hands, grab it yourself.”

She rolled her eyes. “Such a gentleman.”

“Never said I was one.”

The metallic *click* filled the car before Billy turned on the stereo. Inside the glove compartment was a small white paper gift bag, Billy’s blocky handwriting scrawling her name in Sharpie on the side. Inside was a box of Milk Duds, a pack of bright warm-toned scrunchies, and a mixtape with the words *REAL MUSIC* written on the case.

Chrissy sat quietly, eyeing up her gift. Next to her, Billy shifted uncomfortably.

“It’s just stuff I thought you might like,” he explained with no prompting. “And the music is a bunch of stuff *I* like that, y’know, you should listen to. Play it real loud to stick it to Wes.”

She wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a tight hug. Billy didn’t seem to know what to do at first, but returned the hug with a bit of hesitation. Lips met each other before Chrissy started to beam.

“Thank you,” she said happily, staring again at the mixtape. The back had a neat list of songs and artists written in his penmanship. *Mercyful Fate, Krokus, Accept*. Names she was vaguely familiar with from Billy’s mess of tapes in his car but had never heard.

“Better than that shit candy?”

“Way better.” Ripping off the laminated holder, she tied her hair back with one of the scrunchies. “I can’t believe you bought things

for my hair.”

Billy shrugged. “Yellow’s your favorite, couldn’t pass ‘em up while I got the Milk Duds and smokes.”

She planted another kiss on his cheek, moving to his lips. They lingered together for a second, Chrissy deepening into another kiss before tugging at his lower lip with her teeth.

“So, do I get a Valentine’s Day present?” he asked, voice raspy.

“Is Max getting a ride today?”

A frustrated sigh blew through his nose. Taking a quick glance down, Chrissy could already see the strain of his erection against the light denim of his jeans.

“Yeah,” he grunted, a sour look on his face.

“Then you only get part of it,” she said sheepishly. “Sorry.”

Billy’s eyebrows raised as he leaned back into the leather of the seat. “You got me something?”

“Uh, duh? ‘Course I did.”

“You sneak out of the house to get it or what?” he teased, leather creaking beneath him. “Or did Wes give you a free day?”

“Annette helped,” Chrissy admitted as she dug through her backpack. “Just thought it was something you’d want.”

The package, wrapped in shiny red paper embossed with hearts, traded hands. Billy stared at it, clearly unamused by the girly wrapping. He tore it open, eyes lighting up at the sight of a new set of headphones.

“You said yours broke,” Chrissy smiled, shifting to take in the glee in his face better. “They aren’t, like, the highest quality but they should do until you can get better ones.”

“Shit,” he said, smiling with such genuineness it made her heart thud

against her ribcage. “Thanks, Chris.”

“I’m the best, I know,” she said, puffing out her chest.

Billy took her close, taking a hungry taste of her as she giggled. His happiness from the gesture was unexpected, but lovely all the same. Any time he was unguarded like this it felt like another piece of the Billy Hargrove puzzle fell into place.

A rapping came from her side of the car. Max stood outside, bundled up and red faced from the cold. Chrissy gave her a sheepish smile and a wave.

“The other half of your present is gonna have to wait till tomorrow,” she said to Billy, unlocking the door.

“Tomorrow?” he said, giving a small smile.

“Yeah,” Chrissy grinned back, shifting to get out of the car. “If we cut early, I know how to get into the auditorium. Nice and private for your gift.”